

The Coquille Herald

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

Entered as second class matter May 8, 1905, at the post office at Coquille, Oregon, under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

P. C. LEVAR, Lessee.

Devoted to the material and social upbuilding of the Coquille Valley particularly and of Coos County generally. Subscription, \$1.50 per year in advance.

Phone Main 354.

In view of the results of the Port election held here last week, the following editorial from the Florence West should be of special interest here, showing as it does the satisfaction with which the people of the Siuslaw view their action on organizing a port, after they have had time to see how it works out.

The West says: Five years ago, when it was proposed that the people of the Siuslaw Valley raise \$100,000 for improving the harbor by issuing bonds for that amount, the government engineers thought it was a bluff that could not be carried out; however they were willing to do their part toward carrying out the movement and after making a survey of the bar and the lower river the engineers recommended plans for improving the harbor at an estimated cost of \$431,000. Our people surprised the engineers by quickly raising the first \$100,000 and later when Congress passed a bill appropriating \$215,500 for improving the Siuslaw harbor on condition that an equal amount was contributed by the locality, the additional sum was raised by another issue of bonds for the purpose.

Before any steps of this kind could be taken by our people, it was necessary to have a law enacted by the legislature providing for the incorporation of port districts. This was done and the wisdom of the statute enacted at the instance of the Siuslaw people is shown by the fact, that within the past four years since it went into effect, a port district has been incorporated under its provisions at every harbor on the coast of Oregon. When the question of incorporation was first agitated the total amount of taxable property now included within the borders of the Port of Siuslaw was assessed at about two million dollars. Last year the tax rolls showed a valuation of four million dollars and by the time the railroad is completed to Coos Bay this amount will be close to the six million mark, or as much as the whole of Lane County was assessed at in 1896. A large part of this increase is due to the development of the country on account of the harbor improvement, and to the capital that has been invested in the locality through the work being undertaken. This shows something of what a good harbor means to a place in a business way, and is mentioned to show that from every point of view it is for the best interests of the country that the Siuslaw harbor be improved to the fullest capacity. People who have invested their capital here have faith that it can be made as good as any harbor on the coast of Oregon South of the Columbia, except possibly Coos Bay, and the sooner the work is carried forward to completion the better it will be for the place and for all concerned.

While all the wise guys have been cudgeling their brains ever since the Southern Pacific commenced the Eugene-Coos Bay line, in a more or less successful attempt to work out new theories as to the intention of that corporation in regard to building south, it has remained for our hated rival at the other end of B street to bring out an entirely new idea, namely and to wit: That the Smith-powers logging road above Myrtle Point "will become a part of the southbound system when the Eugene & Coos Bay road shall have been completed," going over into the Rogue river valley. It has been generally understood that the southbound line would go down the coast from Coos Bay, a line having been surveyed from Bandon south to Eureka some years ago. The only question lately has been whether the road would go to Bandon by way of the more direct route via South inlet, or whether it would go down this river from Beaver Hill junction. Just why the S. P. should desire to climb back east of the mountains again and into the Rogue river valley on its way down the coast does not appear. Nor will Bandon be satisfied to be left off the main line. As a matter

of fact, there seems little room for doubt that the Smith-Powers line will go over into the Rogue river valley and become a part of some regular railroad system whether of the S. P., or some other road. The recent deal whereby the terminal road at Coos Bay, in which Smith was interested, passes into the hands of the S. P. would seem to dissipate the idea that Smith was working to provide terminal facilities for some road other than the S. P.

New Rulings in Force

O. P. Hoff Commissioner of Labor has issued the following circular letter to the deputy labor commissioners of the state:

In pursuance and according to the conclusion reached at our conference, the following rules will be enforced.

SLASHERS—All guards on slasher saws must be continuous so as to cover the entire series of saws; the guard to be made solid and to extend beyond the edge of the saw at least 2 1/2 inches, and the height from the platform to be not over an inch above the arbor line.

BOILERS—1. All horizontal tubular boilers must have fusible plugs, placed in rear tube sheet at least 2 1/2 inches above top row of flues.

2. All fire box boilers must have fusible plugs, to be placed at the highest point of crown sheet.

3. All safety valves must be examined frequently and kept in good working condition.

4. All boilers must be provided with three water gauge cocks.

5. All boilers must have blow off connection at the bottom of the back end or lowest point of boiler.

6. All water glasses on boilers must be properly gauged.

SPIKE ROLLS—Spike live rolls used for conveying lumber in the mills or yards must be discontinued.

LINOTYPE and Monotype Machines—All metal pots on linotype and monotype machines must be piped so as to carry vapor out of room.

A City Manager

Dayton, Ohio, ravaged by flood last spring, has learned the lesson that Galveston learned, has adopted a new form of government, and has borrowed from Germany the idea of having a "City Manager," who is to be appointed by the Commissioners, and, as in Germany, need not be a resident of the city. His business is to see that every department of the city is managed efficiently, and he may be discharged by the Commission or recalled by the voters.

Dayton's new charter provides for a simplified election system, without party names on the ballot, and for the initiative, referendum and recall; and it reserves to the city the right to take over any public utility. It may be predicted that the German idea of a "City Manager" will grow in America, since it has been most successful in Germany, where the business of cities is economically and efficiently managed.—The S. F. Star.

Not A Horse Railroad

The Herald has had its warning to be a little leary about calling attention to errors in published reminiscences of early days, but here goes another flyer, for luck: In an interesting account of the palmy days of Coaledo, appearing in a local paper, it is stated that the Utter railroad from the mine to Utter City was a "horse railroad." While it was undoubtedly a "one-horse" railroad, being narrow gauge and the rails being of strap iron laid on lengthwise timbers, still a vest pocket edition of a full-fledged locomotive was used on the road, Dan Roberts handling the throttle. Some of the old settlers will remember the great newspaper controversy which arose when the manager of the road removed the ties from a bridge near the head of Isthmus slough, beveled the timbers on which the strap rails rested, and smeared the nastiest oil he could get over the woodwork in an endeavor to prevent foot passengers from crossing and obliging them to pay fare. The late S. H. Hazzard took the people's side of the controversy, and he scored the Isthmus Transit Railroad company to a queen's taste. Henry Sengstaken was proprietor of the store at Utter City, and the collapse of the bubble hit him pretty severely, but he lit on his feet and made a fresh start in Empire.

SUNDAY SERVICES IN COQUILLE CHURCHES

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Services Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Frank H. Adams, Pastor.

M. E. Church
Sunday school at 10 a. m.
Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.
Prayer meeting Thursdays at 8 p. m. C. H. BRYAN, Pastor.

Christian Science Society
Corner Third and Hill streets.
Services at 11 a. m. next Sunday.
Subject lesson sermon, "Christ Jesus."
Wednesday evening meeting 8:00.

M. E. Church South
Services next Sunday as usual
Sunday school at 10 a. m.
Epworth League at 6:45 p. m.
You are invited to be present.
C. H. CLEAVES, Pastor.

ST. JAMES EPISCOPAL.
Services first and third Sundays of each month. Sunday school every Sunday at 10 a. m.
You are heartily welcome.

CHURCH OF CHRIST.
Bible school at 10 a. m.
Christian Endeavor at 7:00 p. m.
Prayer meeting at 8 p. m. each Wednesday.
Preaching at 11:00 a. m. and 8 p. m.
You are cordially invited to all these services.

T. B. McDonald, Minister

Have you paid the printer.

Myrtle Point Pointers

Mrs. B. McMullen and son Freddie went to Portland the first of last week. After a visit there they will proceed to Wash., where she will visit with her sister.

Mrs. Ray Dement and her mother Mrs. J. Schilling are visiting at Gardiner.

Messrs. Ray, Ellis and Claire Dement returned the last of the week from Portland where they took a large herd of cattle.

Miss Clara Lund, of Coquille, is staying with Mrs. Wm. Lang and taking piano lessons from Mrs. E. A. Southmayd during her vacation.

Miss Goldie Michell visited in Coquille the first of last week then went to Marshfield on a business trip.

Mrs. G. O. Lowe who has spent several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Roy Shull, returned home on Thursday. She is expecting a visit from her mother who has moved to Eugene from Riverside, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Dodge went to Bandon on the carnival on Friday returning Monday.

Isam Walker, the Curry county stockman is up buying cattle in this section.

The revivals are taking the lead as places of resort for the present. The Advents are holding meetings in the grove at the edge of town with lots of campers from Gravel Ford and vicinity. Four ministers are leading and preaching at present.

Fishtrap and Vicinity

Karl John and Mr. Hodge had quite an excitement in the way of a bear hunt Saturday evening, killing an old bear and two cubs.

Mr. and Mrs. Ithames Robison attended the carnival at Bandon Friday.

J. H. Radabaugh and family, accompanied by Miss Grace Miller were camping at Bandon last week and attending the carnival.

Marion Clinton and family also attended the carnival, going down Friday morning and remaining over Sunday.

Wm. Taylor and family, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Taylor (the latter an aunt of Mrs. Wm. Taylor) and daughter and two sons, Roy and Noel, of near Ashland, were camping at Bandon, last week, and the young people enjoying the carnival.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and daughter, and son Noel will start on their return trip to Ashland, their home, in a few days, while Roy will remain some time longer.

Quite a number of the Fishtrap people attended church in Coquille Sunday, among whom were, Mr. and Mrs. Nile Miller, Mrs. Frank Miller Sr., Mr. John Finel, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Miller, Mr. Pinkston family, Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson and a number of others.

NUF SED

Have You Pride of Ancestry?

(Continued from Page 1)

there were lords, and ladies, dukes and earls, even kings—in my family tree.

In the shadow of this tree I sat serene, firm in the determination never to do anything which should disgrace my ancestors. As for myself, I was a captain of industry of no mean position, and furthermore was honored by an office in the administration of our legislative procedure. I belonged to all those noble societies which strive so hard, in our neglectful and irreverent age to keep alive our veneration for our ancestors, and subscribed my share to the funds which erected tablets and monuments to perpetuate the glorious deeds of the past. Also I did my part politically, and I may say with modesty that it was not inconsiderable, to oppose those heady radicals who would shake the foundations of our prosperity and undermine the very basis of our national life by attacking the marvelous document, fruit of the best wisdom of our ancestors—the Constitution of these United States.

Thus honorably and profitably engaged, as dutiful almost as a Japanese, I was suddenly appalled by a visitation. There came to me a spirit of the night, who said:

"Wouldst thou see these ancestors?"

He towered above me, a shadowy huge form, but my long descended courage was strong and I answered firmly, "yea."

Then was I taken in the twinkling of an eye to an Immeasurable Plain, a plain that seemed wider than the world. My vision, ranging across it was marvelously magnified, so that I saw with piercing accuracy for mile on mile, yet found no limit. Neither did this plain curve downward with the curving of the earth, but rather upward, on every side, like an interminable saucer.

I stood solitary, as one alone in the universe, and then, suddenly, one on either side of me, appeared my father and my mother, vivid, alive, exactly as I remembered them. Beyond them my mother's father and mother stood beside her, and my father's father and mother behind him, also as I remembered them, save that they did not seem so old.

Beyond these, following the same order, stood my mother's mother's father and mother, my mother's father's father and mother, and my father's father's father and mother.

I will not try to enumerate the ring of ancestors which now encircled me. It was as though in concentric circles, neatly widening out like the blue ocean lines that follow the shore on the map, stood each generation of my ancestors. In the first ring only my two parents; in the second ring my four grandparents; in the third my eight great-grandparents. In steady multiplication by two they ranged away into the distance, doubling in every circle, till in the twentieth row there stood one million, forty-eight thousand, five hundred and seventy-six ancestors. That must have been about the thirteenth century, I rapidly calculated. My intellect, like my eye-sight, was abnormally clear. The distance, the terrible merciless distance, had neither softening mist nor diminishing perspective.

With unstrained eye and unwearied mind I could see them all—and count them all.

It occurred to me also as the numbers grew, that these were only direct ancestors—that all the collaterals were left out. My brothers and sisters were absent, my uncles and aunts—of all this measureless array only one child of each couple was present—my own direct ancestors.

Following this thought I suddenly lost the swelling sense of pride which had at first lifted my heart. It was true that these were my own individual ancestor, but it was also true that I was by no means their only descendant.

Leaping backward in my illumined mind to that twentieth row of ancestors—they did not seem far back either, nor far off, physically—I hastily and unerringly computed their children—allowing them but two surviving offspring. By that allowance—and I groaned in spirit as I remembered the "large families" of the past—by that irreducible minimum I found that in the even line of the twentieth cousinship I was but one descendant among 274,877,906,944. I had to share my ancestors with all the people of the earth, and then I saw

that this was far more than the population of the earth, and remembered that their numbers had been mercifully reduced by frequent intermarriages.

Then did my parents speak to me saying: "Honor thy father and thy mother—as we did." And they passed me on to the next row.

My two parents were intimate and affectionate. My four grandparents were affectionate also. My eight great-grandparents looked at me with dim pride. But my sixteen great-great-grandparents did not know me from Adam. No one did, after that. I was passed on from row to row, with the same phrase: "Honor thy father and mother—as we did."

Each circle I walked around, looking first with affection and then with admiration and interest, at my ancestors, recognizing many of them by their portraits. In the fourth row, however, I found several totally unfamiliar and some I was forced to admit less desirable than others. One of these, a handsome woman enough, but evidently of lower birth and breeding, seemed to note my inner criticism.

"Honor thy father and mother," said she, "as I did." And at that I felt compelled to leave the pacing of concentric circles and to follow her father and mother up the line.

From this pursuit I returned shamed to the soul, only to be seized on similarly by a fierce, coarse-faced ancestor in the fifth row, and made to trace his fathers and mothers to similar mortification.

It is true the lords and ladies, dukes and earls were here and there; also some kings in the distance. The farther back the row the more frequently the kings were found, each standing tall in robe and crown. But those rings were also wider far and side by side with lord and king, in the same circle equally my ancestors, I found a strange company. In that great mass of human beings were every grade, not only kings, but slaves. Not only those proud purple ladies in their ruffs and stomachers, but others not proud, not ladies—not even pure.

Mixture of race, I found, scarce any in the world not represented. Yes there was a Spanish ancestor, back of him a Moorish ancestor, back of her, with darkening skin and thickening lip, a Nubian line. In my veins ran the blood of Ethiopian. Strange ones had I, Japanese and Jew, Russian, Mongolian—there was no limit to their range in race.

Nor in condition.

Nor in honor.

Then a voice said: "Let the kings stand alone!" And I looked over an empty waste and saw those few far-off kings.

"Let the slaves stand alone!"

And I looked, dreading, and first here one, and there one, thicker and thicker they stood, till the far-off rows of serfs and slaves were almost all the throng.

"Let the criminals stand alone!"

And there were many—many; thieves and pirates, murderers, courtiers, the cold-hearted tyrants and hired bravo of the past.

Then the voice said: "Advance!"

And all those widening rows of ancestors came nearer, disappearing row by row as they approached. I knew the rough estimate of three generations to a century; I knew as one knows many things one never thinks about that our whole Christian era was covered by but sixty generations. I knew, or could have known had I ever counted, that the whole period of recorded history was a matter of only some hundred and fifty to three hundred generations. Ten thousand years, B. C., if we had lived that long would only mean three hundred rings of ancestors.

Now I stood there watching these advancing lines, each coming forward and standing for awhile that I might observe them; each saying solemnly: "Honor thy father and mother—as we did!"

Such ancestors! Such wild barbarians from northern Europe, such mysterious Asiatics, fierce-eyed Arabs, half-civilized Islanders.

In the same ring would stand side by side, equally related to me, a noble Roman with his rose-wreathed curls and a sassy Kafir, as proud of his "head ring" as the Roman of his wreath.

Long before we packed Rome the majority of my ancestors were clad in skins, and soon, as row on row came forward with their solemn cry, they were not clad at all. In those earlier lines there would be

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one or two richly grained, some Egyptian, Chaldean, or Mongolian, but all the others far clad savages or naked slaves.

I noticed with real surprise that the rings no longer widened, but narrowed. The more remote my ancestors, the less there were of them. The glories and honors, the gay garments and proud crowns, were all gone now, and I saw only dark, low-browed faces and bare, lean limbs. But each row, reaching back to the one behind it, said again: "Honor thy father and mother—as we did." And now the lean limbs were no longer bare, but shaggy, the low brows lower, the jaws more prominent, the noses flatter, the stature lower.

And they ceased speaking. "No! No!" I cried in horror, as the nightmare ranks advanced. "Oh stop them! Stop them!"

But they came. Shorter, hairier fiercer, more bestial, yet each row so like the one that preceded it none could dispute their close relation. On they came halted and stood to gibber at me, and gave place to those behind.

And these stretched back so long! My beaded fringe of modern dignitaries seemed but the merest edge on the border of civilization, that border narrowed momentarily in contrast to the long, dark web of life behind.

I shrieked aloud as I saw now, remote behind these furry shapes, the high-reared, horrid heads of earlier things—shrieked and fell fainting.

Then I was roused by the great voice: "Coward! Egotist! Short of sight and narrow of mind! Is it nothing to be One with the Whole World—the Child of Nature and the Child of God? If thou canst no longer honor these ancestors, learn to honor love and serve the human race, thy cousins, and the nobler men and women who are to come. Cease to worship at the grave, and learn to look for God in men to come, not among buried bones."—The Fore-runner.

W. W. Smith, formerly engineer of the Abernethy sawmill in Brewster valley, is now employed at the pulp mill at Marshfield.

Notice of Sale of State Land. Notice is hereby given that the State Land Board of the State of Oregon will receive sealed bids until 10:00 o'clock a. m. October 7, 1913, for the following described lands, to-wit:

The S 1/2 of SW 1/4 and SW 1/4 of SE 1/4 and SW 1/4 of NE 1/4 of Section 36, T. 22 S. R. 12 W.

The NW 1/4 of Section 10, T. 28 S. R. 3 W.

The N 1/2, N 1/2 of SW 1/4, SW 1/4 of SW 1/4 and NE 1/4 of SE 1/4 of Section 36, T. 30 S. R. 11 W.

The S 1/2 and S 1/2 of NE 1/4 of Section 36, T. 38 S. R. 2 W.

All bids must be accompanied by a regularly executed application to purchase and check or draft for at least one-fifth of the amount of the bid. The right to reject any or all bids is reserved.

Applications and bids should be addressed to G. G. Brown, Clerk State Land Board, Salem, Oregon, and marked "Application and bid to purchase state lands."

G. G. Brown, Clerk State Land Board. Dated August 1, 1913. 8-5-8t

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